

FT  
MEADE

4L  
65  
Copy 1

# The Human Mind.

---

BY PROFESSOR VARRO.

---

1856.







# The Human Mind.

---

A

## DISCOURSE

DELIVERED BEFORE

THE PAGE LITERARY ASSOCIATION

OF THE

Lancaster County Normal School,

MAY 23, 1856,

BY

PROFESSOR F. J. P. VARRO, PH. D.

Γενεσθω φῶς.

LANCASTER, PA.:

PRINTED BY JOHN H. PEARSOL.

1856.



4-L  
65

Gift  
Sarah Mesrobian  
Jan 7, 1954





## CORRESPONDENCE.

---

LANCASTER COUNTY NORMAL SCHOOL,  
MILLERSVILLE, May 24, 1856.

PROF. F. J. P. VARRO—DEAR SIR: On behalf the Page Literary Association, we, the undersigned, respectfully tender you our sincere thanks for the instructive and truly eloquent Discourse with which you favored us last evening, and also solicit the still greater favor of a copy for publication.

Respectfully yours,

D. S. HARLEY,  
O. S. FELL,  
JOHN L. MUSTARD,  
G. W. HILLIAS,  
S. B. RUSSELL,  
R. M. GIRVIN.

---

MILLERSVILLE, May 27, 1856.

DEAR SIR: It is with pleasure that I comply with your solicitation of the 24th inst., although I am fully aware of my injustice to the subject discussed, you wish to publish.

I remain yours truly,

F. J. P. VARRO.

To Messrs. D. S. Harley, O. S. Fell, J. L. Mustard, G. W. Hillias, S. B. Russell, R. M. Girvin.







## THE HUMAN MIND.

---

*Ladies and Gentlemen of the Page Literary Association:*

I trust that social enjoyment, and moral and intellectual improvement constitute the object which has called you together this evening. If so, yours is a purpose well calculated to excite mutual sympathy and command united co-operation.

The subject I have selected for my discourse is—“*The Human Mind as modified by different modes of Education.*”

When I think of the importance of my theme, and then realize my inadequacy to do justice to its investigation, it is with feelings of mingled pain and pleasure that I arise to address you.

But notwithstanding this oppressive sense of my inability, I am not prepared to say, as is usually said on occasions like this: I could wish that the task and honor of addressing you this evening had fallen to the lot of another. Rather than do this, I feel it incumbent upon me to thank you for your high regard towards me—to hail it as a privilege, and thus declare unto you and the world that my sympathies are with the advancement of truth—my interest with the progress of man, in whatever circumstance, condition, race, religion, sect, lodge or party he may be found. Be this my apology.

The world, strangely diversified by art, rises boldly up on vision's painted canvas, challenging judgment to contrast and comparison. Temples in grand, imposing magnitude and just proportion look down upon unsightly huts of rude unshapely sticks, thatched with bark, bedaubed with crude untempered mortar, windowless, chimneyless, floorless and doorless. Proud and stately men-of-war, ships, brigs and schooners, flaunting



the "white and rustling sails," pointing heavenward with their lofty masts, as if declaring withersoever they come, "We trust in GOD'S Providence"—and the fiery, snorting engine, boldly facing wind and storm, all publishing the world's commerce, the world's unity, and prophesying of *Universal Peace*, make strange contrast with the frail and trembling bark-canoe. The clattering loom, the humming "jenny and mule," the buzzing cards, the grating saw, all propelled by the lumbering wheel or wheezing engine—the busy, clod-refining plough, the waving grain-fields, and the full harvest of the growing year—the rattling wagon and the locomotive, flying meteor-like, the cannon bellowing of death, and forts boldly defying the onslaught of power—all that tells of peace, and all that tells of war, shows how unfathomable a chasm lies between civilized and savage states. The Press which indelibly imprints on the flying sheet the oracles of science, the gems of literature, or the mandates—offers of mercy and eternal love, of the ALMIGHTY, as Creator, Preserver, Savior, Ruler and Judge of the universe, speak a language known only to civilization.

Language fails to paint adequately and appropriately the external distinctions between the rude, uncultured savage states and the states where Civilization swings her scepter over the head of a charitable brotherhood; but when we look within—into the inner recesses of the two minds—the key to all this strange mystery at once is found. Gold cannot fathom the depth; but even gold itself receives its nominal value from the same transforming power—the reassuming, calculating, skillful mind within. This stamps its intelligible impress and insignia on all the world of insensate matter—leaves its signet, seal, and ring, as on a parchment roll, to challenge admission at the court and bar of reason.

Not only is the line of demarkation strongly and well-defined, deeply and enduringly drawn, between the diverse social, civil and moral states of barbarism and civilization, but even the pale of civilized society itself it forcibly entered by the



~~~~~

same all-potent agency, and special localities are compelled to reveal the unequivocal tale—the workings of minds in different stages of development; and finally seizing every individual man, whether willing or unwilling, drags him before the inquisition, and stamps, as indelibly and intelligibly as was the mark of Cain upon the forehead, upon all the person, and upon all the acts of each, his own especial and unambiguous sign. Not more clearly, and determinately, and effectually will be the great separation at that eventful day, when each shall individually receive the judgment of Infallible Justice, than is individual and social designation through the operations of the mind.

Sister, brother, *we*—each of us has his special label for a particular position, and by it we, steadily and regularly, even though sometimes struggling against it ourselves, or though struggled against by others, fall into our appropriate places.

Neither are we to attribute all this to a fated necessity. We are not blindfolded, shackled, manacled and led captive by an inexorable fate or irresistible power, except as our condition is necessarily determined by antecedent causes, which are themselves mostly in our power, or in the power of those who have the controlling influences of our early years—those years so fraught with the conditions of a future necessity.

Did you, teachers, ever fully apprehend your real power over the destinies of the children committed to your care?

Did you ever consider that if much of the condition of your children is to them inevitable, you nevertheless yourselves hold for the most part the guiding line for weal or woe? And further, did it ever forcibly and vividly impress itself on your attention, that you give or permit to be given the fatal impulse during the very season when the young are least able to chose for themselves, much less to determine the volition of their choices? Yes, my hearers, during the first five or six years of our existence is the most determinate seed-time of life for an inevitable harvest of good or of evil.

Thenceforward, like a rushing, headlong torrent, the passions



brook no control. The hand of power may indeed for a moment check its down-rushing turbulence, but it only pauses to gather new strength; and when it overleaps the temporary barrier, it bursts away onward, with still more uncontrollable fury. My friends, the teacher's is a fearful responsibility; "for," says the Proverbial Philosopher—

"Character groweth day by day, and all things aid it in unfolding ;  
And the bent unto good or evil may be given in the hours of infancy ;  
Scratch the green rind of the sapling, or wantonly twist it in the soil,  
And the scarred and crooked oak will tell of thee for centuries to come.  
Even so mayest thou guide the mind to good, or lead it to the mar-  
rings of evil :

For disposition is builded up by the fashioning of first impressions :  
Wherefore, though the voice of Instruction waiteth for the ear of  
Reason,

Yet with his mother's milk, the young child drinketh Education."

There are indeed necessary and uncontrollable circumstances, which always claim their due share of consideration in developing, conditioning and modifying the habits and character of the man, and in more or less influencing his reputation. Of such are each individual's physical constitution, which binds as with an adamant chain, the intellectual faculties, and absolutely and arbitrarily dictates and controls, to a certain degree, the manifestations of the mental phenomena. Certain physical accidents of life, to which all are liable, and which fall upon all more or less; social, political, civil and religious organizations and institutions, which, though much or little modified by each, nevertheless create uncontrollable influences around each; and the accidents of climate, soil, face of country, distribution of land and water, &c., all which absolutely tell on the individual, as well as on the social condition. Add to these the *times* and *seasons*; in other words, the great social and political movements which mark the epochs of the world's slowly unfolding history, which stir the stormy depths of the mighty, the boisterously throbbing heart of *Humanity*, and which seem to urge onward, and unconditionally direct the thronging multitudes, as



the fierce whirlwind drives whither it will the empty chaff, and you may at first, and without reflection, suppose you have an array of irresistibles perfectly overwhelming. But a very little farther analysis gives other elements which should be dependent on the individuality of each. The ability to chose one's own sphere of action, although very much modified by the early training of all and each, and though doubtlessly best for the individual and for society that it be partially forestalled by the action of the parent in assigning a trade or profession for the child, whilst yet in his childhood, should, nevertheless, under no consideration be *compromised*. Again, *whatever the sphere of action, each separate act, volition and choice, in spite of all necessitated conditions, is the sole possession of the individual's self*. However much the mass of men, in their extreme docility, may permit their individuality to be absorbed, by easily resigning their own self-determining agency into the hands of others, they can in no manner rid themselves of the responsibility. We can by no possibility transfer our own individual responsibility from ourselves to Eve; nor can she again throw it off onto Satan. The only possible result is, *that more are implicated*, except as superior intelligence may aggravate the guilt of one more than another where guilt attaches. There can be no other palliation but the fact of ignorance, which God winketh at.

But however tempting this metaphysical theme, the objects of this discourse, and time, are incompatible with a further elucidation thereof, except that I may be permitted to say: *Men with a strong sense of their own individuality, seize upon the pre-existing circumstances with an indomitable energy, and bend such as admit to their own iron self-determination, or mount upon them, and by them are borne aloft conspicuous to the gaze of an admiring world*. I am far, then, from yielding an unqualified assent to the old adage: CIRCUMSTANCES MAKE THE MAN; but my position is rather that the man, finding the circumstances already existing, seizes upon such as are consonant to his own mental organization,



and compels them to become the instruments for elevating HIMSELF. *With them* he contends, and *through them* he conquers and wins a name more or less conspicuous, according to the character of his achievements.

In the material world, the separate objects of vision reflect from the same light an ever-changing variety of tints, and hues, and colors, and shades of light, and lights themselves; so too, from the innermost recesses of their spirituality, men, when viewed as passive recipients, in the light of contemporaneous, alien circumstances, reflect, according to their own individuality and constitutionality, the greatest possible variety of capacities and adaptabilities. Some of these extraneous circumstances coalesce with the predisposing elements of the individual temperament, as if by the force of the attraction of affinity, and bring to view and illustrate the peculiarities, whilst other circumstances float unheeded by. Truly one may, and multitudes *do* mistake the appropriate sphere for him or themselves, and thereby but feebly, or badly act their part in the world. So, too, numberless swarms float idly along whithersoever the storm, and wind, and changing tide may bear them. They live by chance. To them all things and circumstances prove to be so many necessities; they yield to this and to that—they murmur at the decrees of Providence, and they are overtaken by death before they are even ready to live.

These facts, though to a superficial observer apparently conflicting with the above argument, are in reality not only consistent with, but corroborative of that argument; for, if we change the scene, and view man as an intelligent, active agent, he immediately appears as the fabricator of not only his own fortune (which fact has long since passed into a proverb,) but of his own reputation, and by his own internal self-determining agency, of his own character, of his own mind, and of his own mental development and manifestation, consistent with the existing means of accomplishing this last, most important result; and with *the absolutely and uncondi-*



*tionally pre-existent necessitated* conditions, which may place insurmountable barriers in the way. Thus the conditions of idiocy not only mock at the attempts of anxious parents and teachers to reach and successfully unlock the barred and bolted passage-ways to the vacant chambers of thought within; but could the idiot's self be impressed with its want, and aroused to active endeavor in its own behalf (an impossibility by the way,) its most strenuous efforts would be more unavailing far than the feeble flutterings of the caged bird, in its futile and ineffectual attempts to escape from the wiry gates of his prison-house. In the same manner, though differing from each other in kind and degree of hindrance and freedom, all men, even the most intellectually powerful, are more or less in one way or another, under the restraint of limitations. But still the question concerning individual differences, and more especially *social differences*, returns only partially satisfied. In general terms, it has been answered that the great distinction lies in the mind; and that this is not absolutely necessitated. Now, as all human bodies are composed of matter essentially alike, and of essentially like organs, with essentially like functions, yet differing in the aggregate in form, size, color and general qualities, and especially in their capabilities of action and endurance, so, doubtlessly, *all human souls are essentially alike, one to another—essentially alike in their entities—essentially alike in their adaptabilities—essentially alike in their functions, and essentially alike in their general activities; but SPECIALLY DIFFERENT in their manifestations of mind.* Then, although these principles be correctly assumed, (and who will presume to dispute these positions?) it may be still questioned, whether individually they may not be equivalents to each other. But it should be remembered, that the corporeal capabilities, as has already been shown, limit and qualify the mental manifestations, both in kind and degree in different individuals, *absolutely*, and, that this is only partial. Here, then, *is a failure individually.* It does not reach the entire man. Most especially would this fact



fail when applied to communities, or nations, or races; since it may be fairly assumed, that the national capabilities of different masses (all other things being equal) are equivalents, to say the least.

But here in our dilemma and confusion relief breaks in from another quarter—a ray of certain light scatters the darkness and guides us to the truth.

One of the most striking characteristics of the human soul, in contradistinction to corporeal capabilities, or even to the brute spirit—one of the most striking characteristics of the human soul, I repeat, is its capability for indefinite development, both general and special, and its tendency to special activity, in a given manner, and on given objects, or class of objects, for contemplation; in other words, *its susceptibility for Education*.

EDUCATION consists in nothing more nor less than habituating the mind to certain activities, to the apprehension of certain facts, or assumed facts, and their relations.

This, I think, embraces the entire signification, and in this light all the phenomena of individual and social differences, not accounted for in our analysis above, are easily and clearly explicable. Do men individually differ widely, in whom we might have looked for equivalents, we confidently point to their *Education* as the all-sufficient cause. Do nations, tribes or races widely differ in the condition of the people, in the state of the arts and sciences, in the moral and religious sensibilities and practices, and in the political sentiments and institutions, we again turn with unshaken confidence to *Education* as the all-sufficient cause. No other is needed, no other is admitted, and no other should be sought for. This is the element entirely within our reach, and may be almost wholly under our control.

EDUCATION, according to the definition above given, as a term, is of very comprehensive import, and as a fact, includes all those mental operations by which men attain to apprehension by the understanding, to conception by the judgment,



and to retention by the memory of all subjects, objects and formulæ of thought, whether from without or from within.

NON-EDUCATION is a misnomer. It supposes a state of perfect ignorance, or rather perhaps of utter destitution and blankness in the intelligential capacities—a state difficult to be found in ordinary humanity, long after one's first introduction to the world of sense. It is, to say the most, only a negative state, not capable of doing a positive injury. EDUCATION may be right and it may be wrong, and a wrong *Education* is called MAL-EDUCATION or MIS-EDUCATION.

MAL-EDUCATION fills the mind with falsehood. It is a subtle poison and potent in the repulsion of truth, seizing upon our weakness and proneness to error and sin. It is the bane of humanity—the greatest evil against which Philanthropy, Civilization and Christianity are compelled to combat.

In the Domestic Circle it engenders discontent, envyings, jealousies and wranglings from false interpretation of conduct. In the Social Organizations it creates false distinctions, unjust prejudices, grinding inequalities, and unfeeling oppression; in Politics it breeds false issues, false theories, false politics; falsely and injuriously creates invidious distinctions of caste, of privilege, of title—unjustly confers power upon the strong, and takes away from the weak and defenceless even the strength which he seemeth to have, and poureth golden treasures into the over-gorged purse of wealth; but cruelly wringeth from the withered, tremulous hand of poverty and meagre want all its living. In Morals and Religion it puts bold blasphemy into the swaggering mouth of beardless youth, of stammering childhood, and even of lisping infancy; dictates glaring falsehood to cover the deed of shame—to gain some paltry mill in trade—to sustain some petty end in a war of words, some party-issue, or sectarian view; lending sanctimoniousness to the logomachy of sects, and staking ETERNAL SALVATION upon the interpretation of a word, or the empty observance of a ritual, or the hollow mummary of forms, of ceremonies, of liturgies; the unmeaning counting of the rosary,



the idiotic performance of ablutions, of sacrifices, of penances and mortifications of the flesh, and attitudes numberless. It arms superstition with goading thongs of fear and livid terror, with ridiculous charms, and potions, and incantations, and imprecations, and anathemas, and popish bulls, and curses. It peoples the empty regions of imagination with *fairies*, and *elfins*, and *elf-candles*—with *cantrips*, and *giants*, and *dragons*—with *spunkies*, and *brownies*, and *warlocks*, and *kelpies*—with *goblins* and *hobgoblins*—with *dead-lights* and *apparitions of the dead*—with *wraiths*, and *ghosts*, and *nightmares*—with *phantoms*, and *witches*, and *wizzards*, and *devils*, and *vengeful furies*, and *table-turnings*, and *spirit-rappings*. It fills one man's mind with all the fullness of mysterious nothings, and from another, no less a credulous fool, blots out with equal ease and success the most substantial conceptions of ALMIGHTY GOD, and of spirits good and bad makes such blank atheists. In Science it impertinently puts forth as principles formula of meaningless words; thence, having assumed this, so baseless a foundation, it builds up some airy system of deductions from false premises, exhibits to the gazing, gaping world the imposing spectacle of a pyramid on its apex, fills empty pates with a few rattling sounds, labels them for the market of fooldom, fixes a sterling price thereon, and sends forth thus accoutred, thus equipped, the boasting mountebank, the tattling charlatan, and the puffing demi-savant, the sciolist of farthing wit, to—

“Rid the people's pockets of their hard-earned cash,  
And fill their greedy ears with senseless trash.”

Or, what is worse, far worse, from such baseless hypotheses, pursues its metaphysical deductions, until it imagines itself to have annihilated GOD and man, spirit and matter, and then impudently calls this annihilation “Science of Reason.” And, entering the precincts of Art, it racks the brains of fools to invent some gaudy fashion, some trifling gew-gaw, some funny fiddle-de-dee, or some minute imitation of the useful; it wastes



the energy of ninnies upon an aimless strife to clothe some hero or heroine in wondrous, witching qualities; to lend vice, and immorality, and all licentiousness the attractive garb of swimming pleasure, for the purpose of entertaining the addled brains of fellow ninnies, and of wringing scalding tears for miseries which never did exist, from eyes which never lent one sympathetic tear, and sighs of anguish from bosoms which never heaved one sympathetic sigh over real, pining, famishing WANT, tremblingly clinging to their very threshold, or hanging to their flaunting skirts, stretching out its skinny hands for a morsel wherewith to satisfy the agonizing cravings; for some cast-off garments wherewith to guard its shivering limbs from the biting cold; or, for some healing draught, to relieve the feverish pains of poverty, stretched on the anguished pallet of sickness or of death. Or, it exhausts the mental and pecuniary resources of multitudes, in the fruitless pursuit of inventions which the plainest principles of science positively and unconditionally declare to be absolutely impracticable to human beings, and under the present laws of matter, possible to God himself, *only* in the vacant fields of limitless space; and finally, it drugs the sighing, whining, wry-faced world with restoratives, preventatives and panaceas—with pills and powders, and elixirs, and kathairons, and innumerable beautifying agents, that promise to restore wrinkled hags to blooming youth and youthful bloom—to restore the dying to vivified health, and *almost* to resuscitate the dead and buried. And, to cap the climax of imposition, it promises, for the reward of \$5, after having your name, your birth-day and hour, to read from your horoscope and nativity, your whole future, as far as the waiting grave.

All these *moral abortions* and *mental monstrosities* are the dearly bought results of MAL-EDUCATION—and more than I can tell or you can hear. Ridiculous, contemptuous game! Scandalous foolery! It is the practical application of the sum of all evil, brought upon us by our degraded fall.

No course of villany—no exhibition of folly, of uncouthness,



~~~~~  
of corruption, of abandoned degradation, of unprincipled licentiousness, of grovelling sensuality, of sordid niggardliness, of pinching, grinding, enfeebling avarice and overreaching fraud; of a reckless chasing after the distinctions of wealth and station; no manifestation of hypocrisy, of superstition, of bigotted intolerance; nothing of evil in the whole catalogue of human depravity that can be named or imagined, but assuming our liability to error, and tendency to sin and evil, we may confidently affirm to be a direct or indirect result of MAL-EDUCATION.

It is a false and baseless assumption, that the mass of men are *uneducated*. *They are educated with a vengeance!*

They have drunk in *Education* from the poisoned fountain of error and falsehood, and maddened with the drafts they have quaffed, they were well said of by the SAVIOR: "*They know not what they do.*"

Now, TRUE EDUCATION is the appointed means of counter-acting all this mass of evil.

As the saying "that no man ever became suddenly plunged into the depths of vice and wickedness," so we may safely assume, that without a miracle no man ever become eminently good in a moment of time, to change from vice to holiness, and the spirit of GOD assisting, he may be able to persevere in an irreproachable course of conduct. But what a conflict with passions! What tears must be shed over the oft-recurring monitions, from those nests of wrangling vipers, deep-seated in the innermost recesses of the soul!

But, says the wise man: "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old, he will not depart from it." When this principle is thoroughly understood and applied, then, and not till then, will come that glorious time "when no man shall say to his neighbor: Know thou the Lord; for all shall know Him, from the least to the greatest. And he will put His laws into their hearts, His seal upon their foreheads, and He will be their God, and they shall be His people."

Fellow teachers, would it be highly desirable that your



pupils understand and practice some great fundamental principle of Virtue and Religion, they must be educated into it. There is no alternative but sin and death. A man is not educated, though he may thread the labyrinthian maze of numbers—though he may be able to scan complex principles, comprehend boundless systems of lines and angles, and giant-like, grapple with the mighty problems of mathematics. Nor is he educated who can look into the starry vault above and name every dot which spangles her pearly depths; nay, though he be able to tread the steep verge of heaven, and trace the trackless orbs of ten thousand sweeping worlds; for *Education* may be defective, and it may be complete. Truly, that edifice which lacks some important parts, or which remains unfinished, or which is composed of poor materials, or which is badly wrought by the workmen, is defective in its structure. It scarcely need be added that *Education*, in like manner, may lack in some important parts or elements.

Have a man's affections, passions, or appetites been left to grow at random, that man's education is defective, notwithstanding his intellect and morals may have been elaborately and carefully nourished.

Has his self-reliance, tempered with a child-like trust in God's Providence, been neglected, his Education is sorely defective; he is incapable of encountering the rude buffetings of a selfish world, and will droop and wither at its first frowns.

Have any of the intelligential faculties been neglected—are his habits of observation, of memory, of generalization and correct classification deficient in activity, and promptness, and accuracy—is his understanding, or his judgment, or his capacity for tracing the chain of sequence and causation weak and inefficient by disuse—in any of these suppositions his Education is warped.

So, too, supposing everything relating to the sensibilities and morals be properly attended to, we may still ask: What shall be the intellectual training in particular?

With most people, perhaps, something is liable to be made



a *hobby* to the exclusion of everything else; yet, some of these, by puffing themselves in newspapers, may play the Barnum for a little season—become literary bantlings, or godfathers to a series of Arithmetics—rise like rockets into the literary atmosphere, and fall like sticks, among a bramble-bush of righteous indignation.

Is one delighted with mathematics, nothing but factors, and prime numbers, and axioms, and problems, and theorems, and puzzles, and mathematical quips, can find any favor with him. Abstract cattle, sheep and horses are his companions by day, and abstract apples, nuts and strawberries his favorite refreshments at all times. Natural Sciences are only speculations and probabilities in his vocabulary. Languages, ancient or modern, are but a *splendid humbug*, dry as chips, and *he* is a perfect bore in his mathematical monomania. Again, is another pleased with the conceptions of language, he dreams in unknown tongues—he sports with the patience of his associates by mystical quotations, and by giving them the history, biography, and genealogy of long categories of unintelligible sounds. He proves no less a bore to his associates who sit in moody silence at the revelation of his linguistical disquisitions. And so we might go on to the end of the chapter.

With others, and by far the largest class, too, the first, the last, and only important question, repeated in every turn, and reproduced at every corner is: What is it good for? How long will it take to master it? Or rather, How soon can knowledge enough of the subject be obtained to be put in practice? In short, our quizzer is a rank utilitarian.

Nothing is of consequence to him, except it come stamped with the seal of utility. And his measure of utility in Education, and even in his Religion, is the same as for butter, cheese, potatoes, or, if he be of the wealthier class, it may be bank notes, or railroad stocks, and State script, &c. He has said to gold: "Be thou my god;" and his practical language to ALMIGHTY GOD is: *How much will you give me, if*



*I'll be a Christian? And when will you pay me? And is there any gold in Heaven?*

I aver here, without the fear of successful contradiction, and regardless of giving offense, that to this very standard, however revolting, when stripped of special verbiage, the great mass of *Yankeedom* would reduce *all Education, all Politics and all Religion!* I am not mistaken. The signs of the times are unmistakable. They carry the evidences of their conviction unfurled to every breeze, and inscribed in glaring capitals of burnished gold, they challenge the scrutinizing eye of God and man.

We have set a false estimation upon our property. We have invested it with a value not inherent—not its own! But, whilst I would thus express my entire disapprobation of this craven-spirit, so rife among us, I would also avoid the opposite extreme. I would have a just discrimination used in determining the proper course of study to be pursued, and whilst I would seek to cultivate in just and fair proportions the *entire man*, I would not hesitate to consult the future of each man.

It is but just that Science should lay hold upon Art—that men should profit from knowledge. Indeed, the great mass of mankind must, from sheer necessity, be engaged in producing the necessary conveniences for the body; and it is one of the chief recommendations of Science, that it is succeeding in the subjection of nature, to meet the growing wants of civilized and christianized Humanity.

Let the masses, then, study Science with these advantages continually in view; but let them not, in their haste and eagerness to change everything into gold, forget that the SOUL has infinitely higher claims than the perishing body—that the Soul in its intelligential capacities and moral adaptabilities requires far different food to luxuriate upon, from that which it requires in performing its services to the body. It has a higher office to perform, even in this imperfect state of being; it lives a higher life than the body lives. Strictly speaking, the body is only concerned for the *Present*; but the Soul



~~~~~  
speeds far away into the forgotten ages of the Past, and claims an interest in *all that has been*; boldly leaping forward, it essays to raise the curtain of unlimited Future, and claims an unquestionable interest in *all that shall be*; and, on untiring pinions, it fearlessly soars away into the limitless regions of stellar space—visiting worlds and systems of worlds, and claims an interest in *all which is*.

It is but reasonable that it should be fed with food consonant with its own character. He who neglects it, shall reap the reward of his neglect; for the SOUL craves angel's food, and disdains to glut itself on the filthy morsels of earth, else, compelled, it shrivels and shrinks to pigmy dimensions; it pines for freedom, sickens, dies.

See ye yon caged eagle, once the proud monarch of the clouds? He built his eyry high on the beetling cliff which overhangs the stormy deep, and when the fierce winds lashed the yesty waves to madness, and drove them headlong to the frowning shore, he sat and calmly viewed the elemental war, or shook with fear the hoarse-wheezing breasts with his long defiant scream. On pinions strong, he boldly soared beyond the thunder's fiery home to where an unclouded sky forever spreads its cerulean canopy over the world, darkened with howling tempests. Thither he sped his daring flight to look the unveiled sun in his blazing face, and to watch the far-away, unwary quarry. But now he is a prisoner! Now he dreams of what he was, and chafes at what he is; and though caressed and pampered—though shielded from storm and heat, yet *he pines for liberty*. He stretches his broad expansive wings and endeavors to try their strength. But, alas! it is in vain—the strong bars forbid. He spurns the proffered food—sits drooping on his perch—he pines for liberty—he sickens—dies.

Thus the Soul, though in this prison-house of flesh feels itself the rightful monarch of all this world of animated matter—knows itself crowned and titled to supremacy by its DIVINE CREATOR, and expects a patrimony in the *spirit world*.



Hence, though the sluggish mass of dust to which it is at present wedded, is bound in sure chains to earth, where storms and tempests rage—where pain and sickness, want and anguish are at their busy work; yet it owns no allegiance nor submission to these tyrants, but soars in thought to where no storms ever shake the elements, nor darkness spreads a horrid gloom; where no pain nor sickness racks and wastes the shrinking frame. It soars to where God sits enthroned in His unveiled Divinity, or even dares to plunge down into the lowest depths of the world of woe, and thus reveling in unbounded freedom of action, it anticipates its future state, in which DESIRE is but the prelude of actual enjoyment. If so be, it has reached the haven of GOD'S HOLINESS; but if otherwise, may I not add that DESIRE is but the prelude to eternal disappointment.

Think not, I beseech you, that this, my feeble attempt to inspire elevated views of the Soul, is out of place in this discourse; for lo! it is EDUCATION—an open gate to honor, wealth and happiness below, and will lead us from the scantiness of man to the fullness of God, where the earthly sunbeam becomes a sun of glory, and the drop of faith AN OCEAN OF BLISS.

When teachers come to look upon the children committed to their care, as immortal Souls, rather than mere mortal bodies of sense; when they come to entertain correctly, even an approximate conception of the true effects of this world's pilgrimage on the inevitably consequent condition of the *world to come*, then, and only then may we expect to see America taking the lead in deep and thorough Education. Then, too, shall parents know that God will require their children at their own hands; that the address will not only be, "*Adam where art thou?*" or "*Cain, where is Abel, thy brother?*" But it will be: "*Thou, Father, where are those whom I gave thee?*"

That searching, that soul-thrilling question, christian parent, you shall one day answer at your peril!



That searching, that soul-thrilling question, unchristian parent, you shall one day answer at your peril!

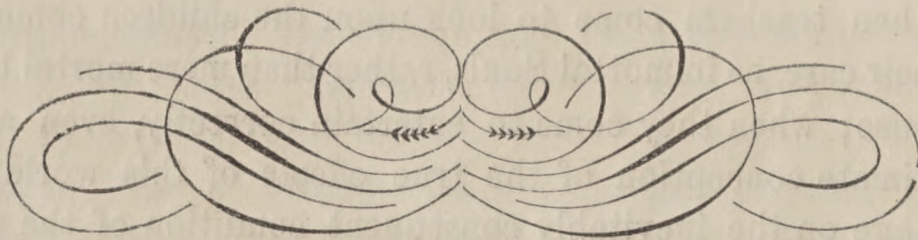
That searching, that soul-thrilling question, christian or unchristian teacher, you shall one day answer at your peril.

Happy will be your lot, if you can answer: "I have kept those whom thou gavest me, and none of them is lost."

Let then every teacher's tongue be loosed and arm be raised to crush iniquity and sin, and immorality in every form.

May you all be reformers; may the golden rule be your guide, EDUCATION your motto, the world your field of action, the good of universal man your object, and a new generation will inscribe your names on the scroll of fame, where they shall be read, in characters of gold—

Until the silvery moon her starry train  
Shall group no more around her festal board,  
Or till forgetful of his daily task,  
The mighty orb of day shall cease to roll.





I SUBJOIN THE FOLLOWING METRICAL COMPOSITIONS AS A  
MEMENTO OF LASTING FRIENDSHIP TO THE STUDENTS  
OF THE NORMAL SCHOOL.

---

### A WAKE, MY SOUL!

Awake, MY SOUL! for higher spheres created  
Than this vile clod;  
Remember that thy *being* emanated  
From out of God.

Arise! ascend on glad Aurora's pinions,  
The realms of Love!  
Crave nought of *Earth's* unsanctified dominions;  
But "THINGS ABOVE."

The *Spirit* says: Come up! come ever higher!  
The *Bride* says: Come!  
The *Bridegroom* willeth, lo! he dwelleth nigher  
His FATHER'S HOME.

And onward ever, higher still ascending  
In fields of Light,  
The SOUL, in its ascension never ending,  
Breathes PURE DELIGHT.

While thus the SOUL is panting for Perfection,  
Behold the LAMB  
Points out to it, through veils of *Truth's* protection  
The GREAT I AM.



## THE STUDENT'S PRAYER.

Assist us, LORD, send out thy WORD—

The Bread of Life. Reveal thy wondrous glory  
To all mankind, however blind  
And ignorant they be of JESUS' STORY.

Thy shining light dispel the night  
With all its dreary gloom, and dismal terrors :  
Its holy flame—a JESUS' NAME  
Lead back transgressors from their sinful errors.

Thy watchful eye is ever nigh,  
Beholding good and bad in all our dealings ;  
Its holy rays, in all our ways,  
Warm up our hearts with heaven-aspiring feelings.

LORD, make us wise, direct our eyes,  
That we may find the ways of Truth forever ;  
Grant us that love for "THINGS ABOVE"  
Which neither fear, nor grave from us can sever.

Our sins forgive, and while we live  
To sow the seeds of TRUTH among the nations,  
To life-long health add heavenly wealth,  
That we may fill efficiently our stations.

And when life's last loved scenes are past—  
When 'neath our tombstones these weak frames shall moulder,  
May we be blest where angels rest—  
Where YOUTH will never change, nor LOVE grow colder.

Truly yours,

VARRO.







LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 020 689 960 8